



SHIPBUILDER



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DEDICATION



We, the Class of 1952, dedicate THE SHIPBUILDER to
Mr. Lowell P. Thomas

FACULTY



Mrs. Vose, Mrs. Joyce,
Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Vernon.



Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ross



Miss Dyer and Mr. Dixon



Frederick A. Small, Principal



Miss Barteau, Miss Farrar,
Mr. Moore, and Mrs. Sproul.

We exist in a generation that permits political mediocrity and incompetence to serve it in high office; in a generation that thinks in terms of a "fast buck" instead of "an honest dollar"; in a generation that scoffs at hard work and seeks the easy life; in a generation that seeks pseudo security at the hands of a paternalistic government and scorns the pioneering spirit of daring and doing that made our country strong and great.

A world weary of wars and worn by the relentless pressing of political pawns needs youth to serve it---a youth that is fresh for the fray; that is eager and honest and idealistic!

I charge you young people to search out the truth and to live according to the principles and precepts of high purpose to the end that a strong and free America may long endure.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Donald Merritt, Thomas Peachey,
and Tonia Walsh.



Mr. Koss, June Mesheau, Jean Joseph,
Preston Ripley, and Peter Wyllie



Mr. Kiernan

We were sorry when Mr. Kiernan left us to accept another teaching position at West Bridgewater. Mr. Kiernan helped us in many activities. In addition to his job as Social Studies teacher, he also assisted Mr. Dixon in coaching baseball, soccer, and junior-high basketball.



David Merritt, Ann Jones,
and Paul Robinson.

HONOR SOCIETY

Membership in the National Honor Society is the highest academic award available to the Norwell High School student. These students, by virtue of high scholastic achievement over a period of years, have joined a national group that rightfully places a premium upon knowledge and understanding.



June Mesheau, Erma MacDougall,
Diane DesJardins, and Cynthia Rice.

STAFF



Editor-In-Chief, Cynthia Rice; Advisor, Mr. Thomas; Assistant Editor, Peter Wyllie



Art Editor, Katherine Grigsby; Photography Editor, Dorothy Wessman



Literary Editor, Kay Caron; Business Manager, Marya Cellini; Sports Editor, Donald Merritt



Typists: Patricia Gunderway, Marjorie Louison, Judy Bates, and Mary Lynn Vezina



The Shipbuilder Staff gratefully acknowledges the assistance of:

Mrs. Enid Taylor

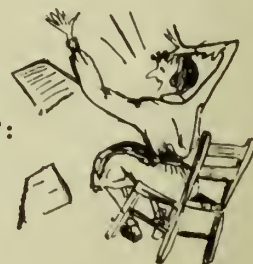
Alice Cornwell, '53

Eileen Schindler, '53

Judy Adams, '54

Carol McCarthy, '53

Hilda Panall, '54



SENIORS



1952



PRESIDENT
MALCOLM THOMAS PEACHEY, JR.

Clubs: Science 3; French 2; Dramatic 3
Grande Marshall 3; Glee Club 4
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 2,3,4
Dance Comm. 3; Soccer 4
Interclass Plays 2,3; Class Officer 2,3,4
Student Council 2,3,4



VICE-PRESIDENT
DOROTHY BEVERLY WESSMAN

D.A.R. Award 4; Class Officer 3,4
Dance Chairman 2,4; Banquet Comm. 1,2,3
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Co-Captain 4
Glee Club 1,2,4; Dramatic 1,2,3
Interclass Plays 3; Softball Manager 3,4
Shipbuilder 4; Track 1,2



SECRETARY
CYNTHIA LAUREN RICE

Shipbuilder Staff 4; Girls' State 3
Clubs: French 2; Dramatic 2,3
Glee Club 2,3,4; Honor Society 4
Basketball 2,3,4; Junior Prom Comm. 3
Class Secretary 3,4; Dance Comm. 2,4
Banquet Comm. 3; Interclass Plays 3



TREASURER
MARY LYNN VEZINA

Glee Club 1,2,4; Dramatic Club 3
Basketball 3,4; Softball 2,3,4
Junior Prom Comm. 3; Banquet Comm. 1,2,3
Class Officer 2,4; Student Council 3
Interclass Plays 2,3; Track 1,2
Dance Comm. 2,4; Shipbuilder Staff 4



C. PETER WYLLIE

Thayer Academy 2
 Toastmaster 3; Soccer 4
 Junior Prom Comm. 3; Dance Comm. 4
 Interclass Plays 3; Shipbuilder Staff 4
 Student Government Representative 4
 President Student Council 4



KATHRYN ELIZA-BETH GRIGSBY

Dramatic Club 1,2,3; French Club 1,2
 Glee Club 1,2,4; Band 1,2,3,4
 Banquet Comm. 1,3; Junior Prom Comm. 3
 Toastmaster 2; Cheerleader 4
 Interclass Plays 2,3
 Shipbuilder Staff 3,4



MARJORIE ANN LOUISON

New Hampshire 2
 Junior Prom Comm. 3
 Glee Club 3; Dance Comm. 4
 Softball 3,4;
 Banquet Comm. 3
 Shipbuilder Staff 4



TONIA ANN WALSH

Class Officer 1,2,3; Student Council 4
 Dance Comm. 2,4; Junior Prom Comm. 3
 French Club 2; Dramatic Club 1,2,3
 Basketball 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4
 Banquet Comm. 1,2,3; Interclass Plays 2,3
 Shipbuilder Staff 4



WEBB CURTIS MCLEOD

Interclass Basketball 3,4
Hobby Club 1
Science 1,3,4
Glee Club 4



MARYA ANN CELLINI

Dramatic Club 1,2,3; French Club 2
Junior Prom Comm. 3; Banquet Comm. 1,2,3
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Student Council 3
Interclass Plays 2,3
Basketball 2,3
Shipbuilder Staff 4



KATHLEEN ROSE CARON

Archbishop Cushing 1,2
Hanover 3
Glee Club 4
Shipbuilder Staff 4



PATRICIA MARION GUNDERWAY

Class Officer 1
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Co-Captain 3,4
Junior Prom Comm. 3
Softball 3
Glee Club 1,2,3,4
Shipbuilder Staff 4



DONALD CHURCH MERRITT, JR.

Track 1,2; Soccer 4; Science Club 4
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3,4
Glee Club 2,3,4; Banquet Comm. 1,3
Student Council 4
Interclass Plays 2,3
Shipbuilder Staff 4



ALBERTA KATIE SMITH

North Carolina 2
Glee Club 3,4
Junior Prom Comm. 3
Interclass Basketball 3,4
Dance Comm. 3,4



JUDITH R. BATES

Clubs: Dramatic 1,2,3; French 2
Glee Club 1,2,3,4
Softball 2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4
Dance Comm. 1,2,4
Junior Prom Comm. 3; Banquet Comm. 1,2,3
Shipbuilder 4



FREDERICK GLENN MESHEAU

Track 1,2; Soccer 4; Class Officer 1
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3,4
Glee Club 3,4; Banquet Comm. 2,3
Junior Prom Comm. 3
Interclass Plays 2,3
Dance Comm. 1,2,3,4

Class History - 1952

Parents, Teachers, Friends: ----

I am honored to be Class Historian. As the Class of 1952 is modern and business-like, I have brought with me only a text-book from which I should like to read the history of the Class of 1952. I think it appropriate to start with a little Ancient History.

Let us go back to September of 1948, the fateful day when twenty seven students, bashful and hesitating, stood before the good old Norwell High School, waiting for the bell to sound that would start them on a four year course in trials and tribulations -- good times, happy friendships and instructive work.

Our class won the prize for the best centerpiece at the Annual Banquet held on Class Night. We originated the idea of a revolving merry-go-round with musical accompaniment. This just goes to prove how superior the Class was, even when we were little Freshmen.

Too soon the month of September rolled around again. This time we were a group of well-read, knowledge-seeking Sophomores. But our class was so depleted that the remaining few wandered about the empty homeroom at a loss.

We gasped at how big our class was not. But next in the line of events, was the arrival of the Rice family. Cynthia and Ellsworth Rice appeared, and the class set to work making them feel at home.

This done, we plunged whole-heartedly into the annual interclass play competition. Our play, "Elizabeth's Young Man," starred Judy Hall, Don Merritt, Marya Cellini, and Patricia Terry. The judges were not impressed.

The basketball season and the trip to the Islands joyfully came and joyfully went.

After a few more weeks of hard studying and stiff exams, we were released to collect sunburns and freckles until September.

In our Junior year, we found three new classmates: Alberta Smith, Peter Wyllie, and Marjorie Louison.

Next in the order of activities for the High School was the interclass plays. We won the trophy with overwhelming ease that year.

At last the Junior Prom plans began. Little committee meetings buzzed for weeks, and the finished product was a beautifully decorated hall and a very successful dance.

The high and mighty Class of 1952 came fearlessly up the steps of Norwell High School. We were Seniors now, and we demanded respect.

We had one new member in our class. Kathleen Caron had wisely decided to leave Hanover to be with our famous class at graduation.

The basketball season came, and nine of our class members played on the teams. Three of our boys were players on the South Shore Tournament Championship team. Glenn Mesheau, Tom Peachey, and Don Merritt were our heroes.

The days of this happy period have passed all too quickly for us. Now we are about to go on to higher institutions of learning or out into the world to seek our way. Let us not forget the commendable record the Class of 1952 is leaving at Norwell High School, and may our members maintain the high ideals, the fighting spirit, and the clean record that has characterized their four years' stay at Norwell High. Let us not forget, also, Mr. Small and the faculty who have done their best to prepare us for the position in life which is waiting for us. As a final word, I should like to close this history with a bit of advice:

Watch the Class of 1952 for their contributions to the ranks of successful men and women.

Mary Lynn Vezina

Class Historian
Class of 1952

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1952

We, the Seniors of the Norwell High School, recognizing the fact that our exceptionally bright career as students of the school is about to come to an end, being remarkably sound in mind and body, and at the height of our glory, and considering the great loss the Faculty and students of this school will sustain by our departure, do make and publish this last will and testament in the manner and form following:

We, the Class of 1952, appreciate the respect that our worthy Faculty has shown us, and do, therefore, bequeath them this gift:

A pile of bricks to build a new gymnasium so that next year we can accomodate the large crowd that will attend the basketball games.

We realize, in a sympathetic way, the heartache, sorrow, and gloom, the absence of the Class of '52 will bring upon the school, but we fully realize the impossibility of giving comfort or relief. We think this justifies us in bequeathing a few of our gifts to the suffering humanity left behind us on the campus.

First: To the Juniors we leave this horn to blow, as your own must be worn out from so much use.

Second: To the Sophomores we leave our track shoes, so that you can beat everyone else to the lunch room.

Third: To the Freshmen we leave a donkey which is symbolic of your class.

To the School we bequeath the following books for use in the Norwell Library. These volumes are results of our extensive experience and deepest thought. We advise the students to handle them carefully, study them conscientiously, and digest them thoroughly.

Alberta Smith:	Northern Cooking With A Southern Accent
Kay Caron:	Counting Calories
Glenn Mesheau:	Scientific Crap Shooting
Tom Peachey:	Walking My Baby Back Home
Toni Walsh:	How To Grow Tall
Don Merritt:	Am I My Brother's Keeper?
Pete' Wyllie:	Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Marya Cellini:	How To Make Men Keep Dates That A Girl Makes With Them
Judy Bates:	Bringing Up Parents
Webb McLeod:	Living In Hope
Dot Wessman:	Adventures of Me and Sin (Cyn)
Margie Louison:	How To Digest Gum On Short Notice
Pat Gunderway:	The Belle of Norwell
Becky Grigsby:	How To Blow Your Own Horn
M. Lynn Vezina:	I'm Lovely, I'm Engaged, I Use Ponds

(Author's note: But so do frogs.)

We, the Senior Girls of 1952, do will and bequeath our memories of the "Lost Weekends" on the Islands.

We, the Senior Boys of 1952, do will and bequeath three of our members, so that all the Junior Girls will have partners when they graduate.

We, the Class of 1952, do will and bequeath the qualities which lead to success. We realize that these qualities are too high for any other class to attain, but they may be used as a far distant goal at which to aim.

JUNIORS



Erma MacDougal, Carol McCarthy, Alice Cornwell, Kathleen Day, Lois Bergeron, Dorothy Howes, Diane DesJardins, Helen Olson, Eileen Schindler, Florence Lomax, David Merritt, Preston Ripley, Edward Cummings, John Cashman, Walter Hall. Donald Kelly.

Class of 1953

This year we have lost five classmates: Patricia Crombie, Nancy Taylor, Ruth Johnson, and the Wright twins, Patricia and Phyllis. In November Jane Louison moved to New Hampshire to attend school.

The representatives of the Junior Class on the Student Council are David Merritt, Preston Ripley, and June Mesheau.

Eight members of our class participated in basketball this year. They are Eileen Schindler, Carol McCarthy, Florence Lomax, Walter Hall, John Cashman, Preston Ripley, Donald Kelly, and David Merritt.

John Cashman was the chairman of the class ring committee. The unanimous choice was the genuine American Jade.

Class Officers

President:	Erma MacDougall
Vice-President:	Pauline Andrews
Treasurer:	Edward Cummings
Secretary:	Carol McCarthy

SOPHOMORES



Ann Wilson, Clifford Hanson, Fay Cavanagh, Jean Joseph, Lois Brown, Sheddon White, Hilda Panall, Leonore Vadi, Mrs. Joyce Lyn Savage, Lee McKenney, Jean Donovan, Ruth Curtis, William Murphy, Rita Leavitt, Joan White, Paul Robinson, and Bryan Reed. Camilla Cranton, and Carol Farnsworth.

Class Officers

President: Bryan Reed
 Vice-President: Lee McKenney
 Treasurer: Ann Wilson
 Secretary: Hilda Panall

Student Council

Jean Joseph
 Paul Robinson

In March we enjoyed a square dance with Charley Baldwin as caller.

This year our class was well represented in sports. Lee McKenney, Paul Robinson, and Bryan Reed were on the boy's basketball team.

Jean Joseph was captain of field hockey. Field hockey was added to our sports program last September. Our score was low, but our achievement was great.

Those who went out for the team were Jean Donovan, Joan White, Ruth Curtis, Judy Adams, Hilda Panall, and Jean Joseph.

FRESHMEN



Ann Jones, Joan MacFarlane, William Babcock, Sally Lincoln, John Wyllie, Joan Douglas, Ronald Mason, Steve Nolan, Mrs. Taylor, Loretta Rice, Joyce Brown, Joan Yetman, Judith Anderson, and Mary Sweeney.

Freda MacDougall, Van Elliot, Carmella Molla, Joyce Gilmore, Martha Bailey, Nancy Henderson, Evelyn Higgins, Jill Davis, Roger Thomas, Richard Long, Irene Wells, Robert Kelly, William Cobb, William Hegener, and Carol Taylor

Class of 1954

At the beginning of the year we were sorry to learn that seven of our classmates had left Norwell High. However, William Babcock, Mary Sweeney, Irene Wells, and Richard Long joined us early in September.

Our class is well represented in the school activities: Ann Jones made the first team in basketball; Evelyn Higgins, Carmella Molla, and Carole Taylor proved their skill at the sport at an early date.

Van Elliott, Paul Robinson, and Robert Kelly represented the freshmen boys in basketball.

Class Officers

President-----Freda MacDougall
Vice-President---Van Elliott
Secretary-----Ann Jones
Treasurer-----Paul Robinson

EIGHTH GRADE



Thomas Robertson, Marsha Grigsby, Judith Cann, Patricia Porter, Meredith Reed, Beverly Erickson, Ann Watt, Marie Malatesta, Rita Frehill, Mary Dean, William Mac Donald, Diane Hegener, Genevieve Cummings, Theresa Joseph, Barbara Finnegan, and Marilyn Malatesta.

Judith Lawrence, Donald Forslund, Robert Forslund, John Henderson, Thomas Osborne, David Knight, Gerald Davis, Glen Kees, Marshall Abbott, David Osborne, Thomas Ridder, Jane Tenney, Joan Curtis, George Bennett, Carmen Lorina, Frederick Scott, David Brown, David Forkey, Peter Tulis, and William Bullard.



The Rhyme and the Rhythm

It's fun to write a poem
For the "Skipper" every time
My only trouble is I can't
Think up words that rhyme!

I try to write on subjects
About Winter, Spring, or Fall
But when I count the rhythm
It isn't right at all!

The poets write of Summer
'Bout the lilacs and the rose
But I'm not a "blooming" poet
So I guess I'll stick to prose!

Barbara Finnegan



SEVENTH GRADE



Jeanne Wheeler, Jane Merritt, Linda Peachey, Laura Cunningham, George Andrews, Richard Maxwell, Gentry Clark, John Robertson, Nancy Chase, Kathleen Leslie, Gayle Falconer, June Joseph, Felicia Watt, Betsey Long, Barbara Monahan, Glenn Tomlinson, Alfred McNiff, Edward Walsh, Charlie Lincoln, Fred. Small, John Murphy, Lawrence Nichols, Peter Smellie, Jeanne Jackman, Loretta Feneck, Peter Clark, Arline Brown.

Chas. Grigsby, Garland Hinton, Hartwell Seeley, Jos. Pompeo, Albert Gunderway, Lewis Mesheau, Anthony Gilbert, Sandra Hakanson, Robert Kroeger, Herbert Nash, Ronald Yourell, Geo. Cavanagh, Glenda Heredeem, Judy Mederos, Sandra Blanchard, Norma Swain, Janine Anderson, Constance Sweeney.

Miss Maple
 "Miss Maple. Spring is coming!"
 Called the cold north wind one day.
 "Why don't you s'op around a bit
 And buy a dress that's gay?"

A green one would be lovely.
 (It seems to be the style)
 So take your coat and pocket book
 And hunt around awhile!

Miss Maple thanked him warmly,
 And started on her way,
 To find herself accompanied
 By a big blue jay.

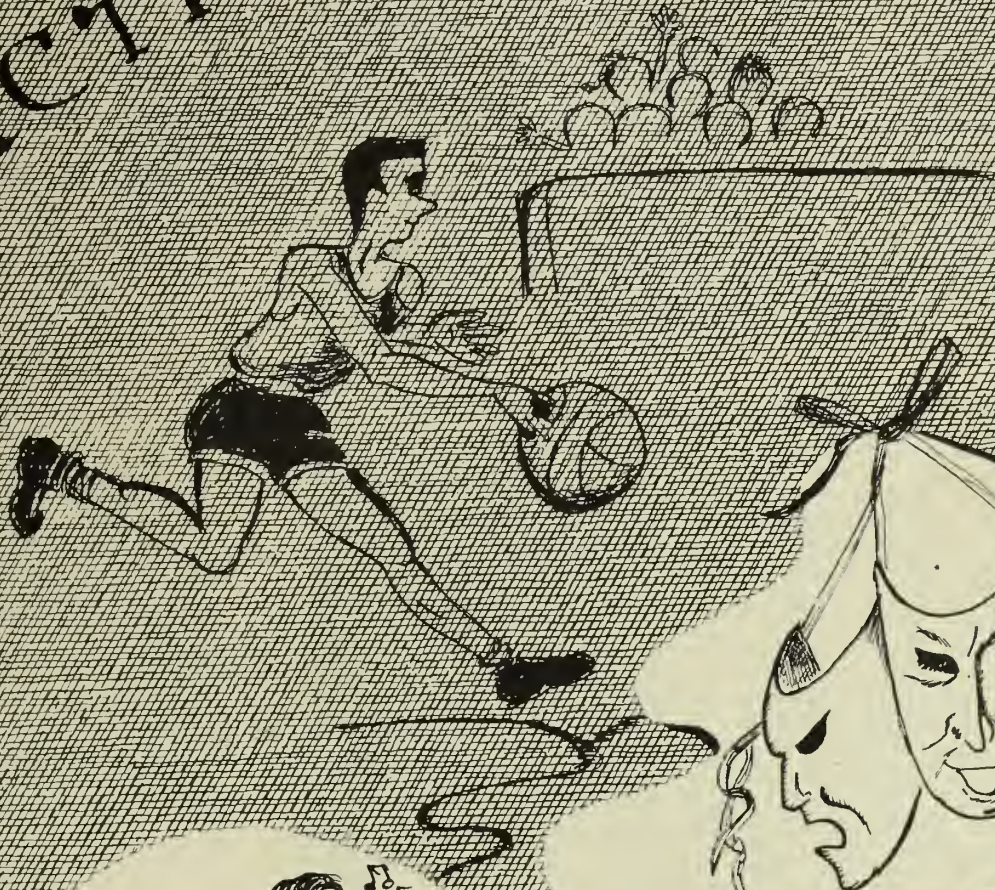
She bought a dress so lacy
 And made of green brocade.
 So dainty and so feminine;
 So delicately made.

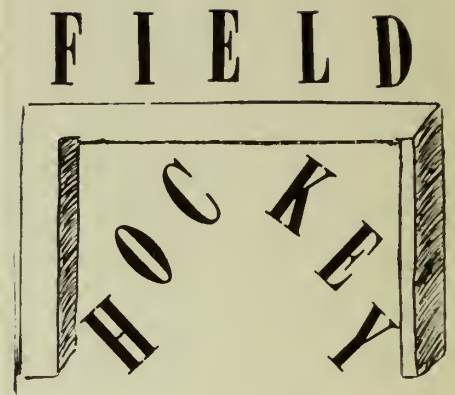
She put it in a closet
 Till spring should peep around,
 The bluebirds sing in treetops,
 And snow should leave the ground.

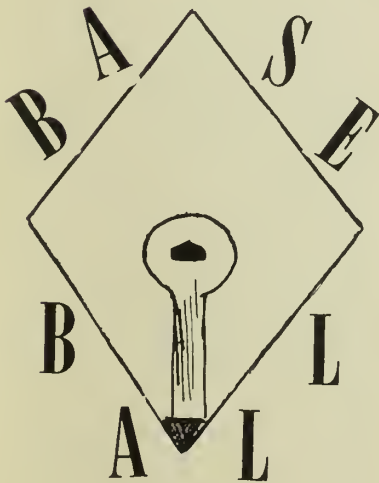
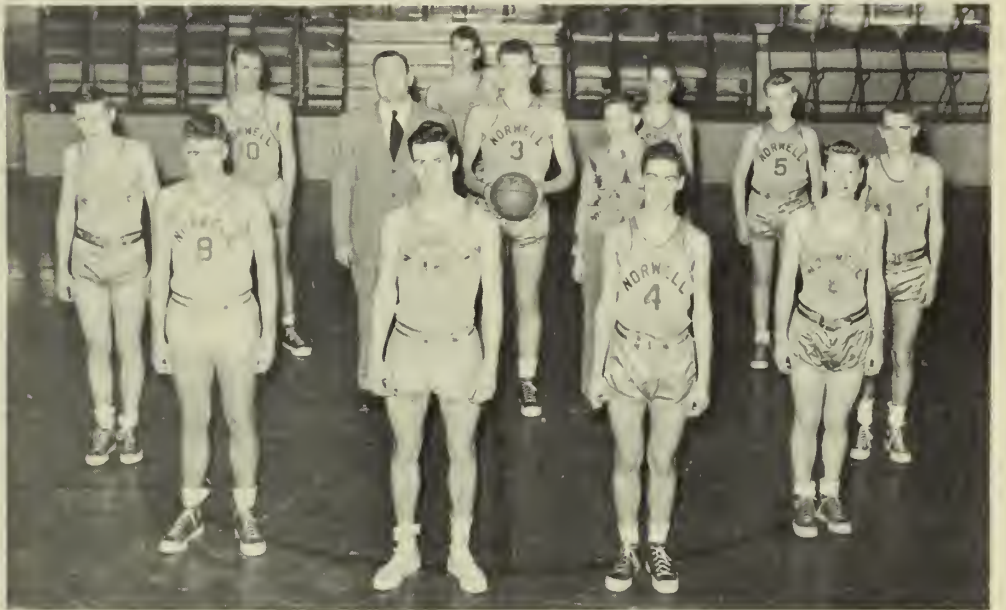
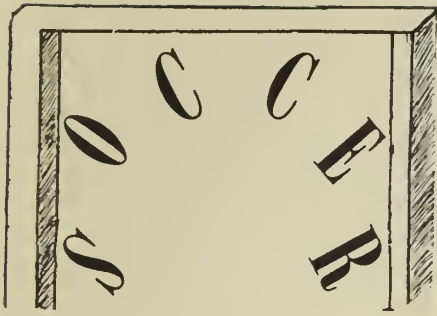
Then waited for the spring time
 To show its sunny face
 To don her lovely mantle
 Of green brocaded lace.

Penny Hull

ACTIVITIES









Norwell has just scored two points in the first game against Hanover. Norwell's Golden Knights defeated their perennial rivals 70-54.



Play is tense, as a jump ball is called between Hanover's Scott and Norwell's Tom Peachey.



Hanover's ball offside, as the Norwell quintet rushes back to set up their tight zone defense.

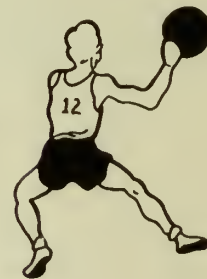
NORWELL UPSETS HANOVER IN SOUTH SHORE LEAGUE FEATURE.

The Norwell win at Hanover sent Coach Felix Dixon's Club to new heights. Five years ago, under Coach Dixon, Norwell instituted a junior high basketball program. It began to pay off last year when Norwell compiled an impressive record in league competition, finishing second. The victory over Hanover, not only put Norwell in first place, of revenge for defeats suffered in the last few seasons.



South Shore Tournament Champions Div. II
Norwell High School

Left to right: Glenn Mesheau, Don Merritt, Mr. Dixon, Don Kelly, Pres. Ripley, Dave Merritt, and Tom Peachey, captain.

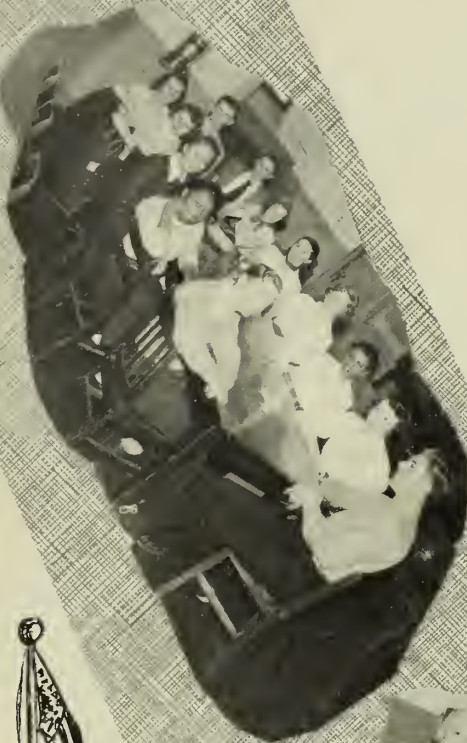


This year, Norwell High School reached new heights. Never having survived the first round in the South Shore Tournament, an elimination contest, the basketball team went on to capture the championship. In the first game Norwell defeated Howard High 53 to 40, although Howard was favored to win the game. In the second game Norwell defeated Duxbury 48 to 32, thus giving us a place in the semi-finals. Playing a much favored East Bridgewater club, the enlivened Norwell squad upset the Easties 65 to 55, and from here we moved to the finals which pitted us against Holbrook.

The game was as follows: Holbrook took an 11 to 10 lead in the first period but fell behind 23 to 22 at the half. Going into the final quarter, Norwell still held its one point edge. With four minutes to play, Holbrook had a 39 to 36 lead. Two quick field goals and four free throws gave Norwell a decisive 41 to 39 advantage. Holbrook quickly retaliated on two field goals and the score read 41 to 43, in favor of Norwell. That was the final score and Norwell had emerged the Division II champions.

As sports editor, I wish to take this opportunity on behalf of the entire team to express our thanks and congratulations to Coach Dixon.

Don Merritt



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

We are very happy to have a Boys' Glee Club again. The Club has made great progress during the year. An operetta is being planned for a spring entertainment



BAND

The Band put the "ral" into the basketball rallies this year. We reached our high for the year when we played for the Community Fund Parade. Under Mr. Iovinelli's direction we are preparing a special Memorial Day ceremony.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club was so well received by the Norwell Grange that we were encouraged to do greater things. Mr. Hewitt, our director, is preparing our group for an operetta.



FRENCH CLUB

Our Club put on many skits and short plays. We made a notebook on the "Origin of the French Language." Mrs. Joyce presented us with a new record-- "Three Bells" by Les Compagnans de la Chanson.



SCIENCE CLUB

This year the Science Club resumed its activities amid the usual roar of midget racers and the smell of chemicals. The latest fad is CO² racers.

DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club prepared two plays for presentation. A clever skit entitled "Famous Women" is waiting for an audience. We shall work on pantomines in the short time left to us.



LITERATURE

High Society at New York

This was High's big opportunity and she knew it. She had to do it. This was her chance! These thoughts ran through High Society's mind as she stood proudly in her stall. In a few hours were the stake classes. Now, she had one chance left, and only one; to win the three-gaited stake class and become the champion three-gaited horse of the year. Beside her in the next stall stood her rival, Sweater Girl. Would High Society beat Sweater Girl?

High heard the familiar voices of her groom and her rider as the two nervous and excited horsemen walked to her stall. She knew her grooming was about to begin. Off came her sheet and cooler, and then her jowl sweater. Her tail set was left on for the time being. She was brushed and brushed again. She was buffed with a towel and some hay. Next her teeth were wiped and the blackening on her two hoofs shined. Finally High's tail set was removed and her tail thoroughly brushed and combed. The all-important brilliantine was applied to her hocks and the other spots which would glisten under the floodlights.

About a half hour later she was all "tacked up" and ready to go. The familiar cry from the loud speaker blated: "All horses entering the three-gaited class at the gate, please."

The trainer threw Barbara, the girl who was to ride Society, into the saddle and led horse and rider to the gate. They would try to enter the ring first, since the first and last horse entering usually attracts the judges' attention.

"Let 'em in," cried the loud speaker. The trainer grabbed Society's bridle and ran her into the ring. As he let go, he gave Society a quick pat of encouragement.

Rider and horse flew around the ring at a quick trot and then crossed in front of the judges' stand. "All horses walk" was the next command. Every glimmering piece of horseflesh was pulled to a quick walk, the judges eyed each beauty carefully, watching for the most minute mistake. "All trot!" This was the most important command to High Society and Barbara. Now they must excel; this was the only chance. This trot had to be superb. Society's conformation was a little lacking, and the trot had to make up for it. A good trot is a necessity to a saddle horse. Around the ring they shot. Her tail, was it straight?

This was it. High was coming up behind Sweater Girl but she must overtake and pass her opponent. Barbara urged High on. So many times they had practiced the every move for this moment. Words of encouragement and a burst of speed sent High Society flying past Sweater Girl. Could Society keep this pace? Perfected action and style did it! The judges never took their eyes from Society after that. She was pegged on top even after the cry of "All strip!"

That lucky and wonderful number! Ten minutes later I heard it. "Number 13 is the winner," blatted out across the hushed and impatient audience. There was great applause as the steaming, foaming chestnut broke from her faultless spread and trotted up to the winners circle to receive the blue ribbon and the \$10,000 cash award.

Tonia Walsh



Ma Delivrance

I know that when I leave the American Embassy here in Prague I shall be on my own. I dare not run the risk of staying any longer. I must leave the city.

Keenly observing all the passersby, I cautiously move to the crowded sidewalk. That secretive being who has haunted my footsteps from Moscow to Prague may be following me right now. Three times, he almost had me, but each time, by some stroke of luck, I was able to elude him---and his companions. Once again, he is hot on my trail. I telephoned my apartment and was told that he had been there and made a complete search. What do I care if he searches my room! He can look through them all day and still not find it, because I have it with me, here in this suitcase.

If I can just get on that midnight train without being recognized, I will be safe. No longer will I have to hide from those persistent fiends who have haunted my every moment for the past two weeks. Once aboard that train I will be safe.

With my scarf high on my neck and my hat over my eyes, I move through the shadows of the railway terminal. My train is waiting on a siding, ready to start the trip to the border. I walk hurriedly across the station to the train ramp. I stop and turn to take one last fitful glance over my shoulder. Egad! There he is, sprinting toward me with two very large and mean-looking men close behind him. They must not get it. I will never give it up.

I dart down a stairway leading from the station platform. They follow in hot pursuit. I run along a series of underground tracks until I come to another stairway leading into the station. Two steps at a time over the stairs I race, and then I scramble aboard my train just as it is pulling out of the station.

Hurrah! I am free. I am safe. Now I can look at my prize. They have chased me across two countries to recover this priceless treasure. Ah! Here it is. That beautiful piece of cotton. The turkish towel that I swiped from the Lenin Hotel in Moscow, U.S.S.R.

John Cashman

Lament of an Expiring Student



Monday is a hurried, sleepy bustle-
School again, the weekend's gone.
Tuesday's the stinging realization
That Freedom has fled and the crush is on.
Wednesday promises anticipation-
Two more days and the finale is near.
Thursday is my usual day after;
One dying breath and all is clear.
Finally it's Friday and exhilaration
Then, as every dragged student knows,
We escape our hurried, tortured wardens-
Namely, Mrs. Taylor, Joyce and Vose.
Saturday is come; the day has arrived!
A relaxing movie is our chosen place,
But Sunday is spent in doing homework
In frenzied expectation of Monday's rat-race!



Judy Adams

March

March came in like a lion this year.
The wind and snow we all could hear.
It blew and snowed and snowed and blew,
And there was not a thing that we could do.
The basketball team of Norwell High
Waved on Friday and said "Good-bye".
Off to the Island they did go,
Just to be welcomed with wind and snow.
It's a shame they had such terrible weather.
Maybe next year March will come in better.

Paul Robinson



Until The End

The sun shone with intense brilliance upon the two weary travelers. It had been a week since they had last seen another human face. Escape was hard even for the toughest of men. It seemed longer than those few short days since they had left their coastal hideout and had gone elephant hunting to relieve the constant monotony of fear.

After being surprised by a family of albino gorillas, they had been separated from their guides and gun bearers. Neither Dan Bradey nor Phil Darnell were frightened of the giant animals but the natives who considered the apes as sacred gods were crazed with fear. The blackmen believed that those who looked upon a white gorilla were doomed.

The region surrounding Lake Victoria in French West Africa is swampy, full of insects, disease, and man-killing beasts. Without the guides it became impossible to find the trail home. The damp moss-covered ground was soft to their footsteps and the bushy vine-entangled undergrowth was almost impenetrable. Hidden beds of quicksand awaited a careless step. The sun shone warm in the day but the nights brought cold and dampness.

Being lost in this paradise of beasts, together with these unbearable conditions, weakened and depressed these hardened gangsters into a state where fear was the only force which drove them forward. The men came upon a large river and followed it for several miles. The jungle was less dense toward the south. Three days later they reached drier land. Here the trees were not so tall and the thin undergrowth took on a brownish color. As the couple moved forward, the only vegetation was the thorn cactus and the dry witch grass. They welcomed the chance to cut open a cactus and fill their canteens for the last time.

The sun had shone unceasingly fourteen hours a day for the last week. Bradey and Darnell both became sick from the heat and nearly blind from the intense rays. Their bodies felt scorched from the desert heat and watery blisters rose from the uncovered skin on their backs and broke; the salty contents running into the jungle inflicted wounds, bringing more torture. The wind-flung sand stung these open sores. The men's tongues were swollen. Sand gritted between the teeth. Their eyes retracted into the sockets.

As they struggled farther, the barren waste was devoid of all vegetation, even the tough cacti. Bradey, being a greedy man, had already emptied his canteen and now eyed the half-filled flask hanging from Darnell's neck. The constant sloshing of the water as Darnell walked made Bradey more eager. The flask was the only means of prolonging this misery, which must eventually end in death; but any animal, no matter how primitive his brain, will cling to any source of existence to its dying breath. So it was with this wretched man.

This was one time in the lives of both men when money and blazing guns would do them no good. Bradey was intent on seizing the remaining water in any way possible. He made up his mind to kill Darnell. Following in the trail behind Darnell, Bradey pulled his sidearm from its holster and leveled the gun at Darnell's back. The gun barked and Darnell lurched forward on his face. He quivered spasmodically and then lay still. Bradey stood back and watched death. Bradey then rushed forward and rolled the body over in time to see the last few drops of water trickle from the pierced container. Down on his knees, Bradey clutched at the moistened sand as the vultures circled lower.

Tom Peachey

Roses are yellow;
Violets are white.
You think I am wrong,
But I really am right.

Bryan Reed

An Average Driver

I consider myself a good driver. In the course of six months, I have only collected eighteen tickets and ten summonses. I have lost my license once. In most instances the other fellow was to blame. I have been in six serious accidents and have survived without a scratch. They call me "Elusive Eileen."

As for people in general, well, my gracious, how some people get their license is far beyond me! Take the average man-driver; with one foot on the running board, still waving good-bye to his loved ones, he starts his car and proceeds. Oh, such caution! The average man driver uses the signal for a left turn when he wishes to make a right turn. If directional lights are used, the turn is made, then, mind you, the lights are flashed.

The man-driver is always in a hurry. Where's he going? No one knows. Does he get there? Well, let's just wait and see!

As I am writing this I am awaiting my turn in court. You see, I lost my license again. Gosh, I only hit one person. I just forgot to go back and see if he was all right. I was in an awful hurry. Oh, and by the way, my name isn't "Elusive Eileen" anymore; now it's "Shameful Schindler."

Eileen Schindler

NORWELL HIGH TEACHERS

In school we have a teacher,
Who is really quite a dame;
I'm sure we all must know her,
Mrs. Taylor is her name.

We also have a teacher,
Who lets you know who's boss;
Look around, you're sure to see
A handsome chap named Ross.

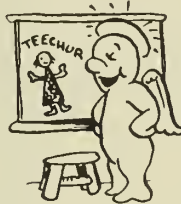
We have a language teacher,
Though languages aren't my choice,
In French or Latin, either way,
You're sure it's Mrs. Joyce.

Then comes Mr. Thomas,
Who really likes to teach.
Both algebra and geometry,
His students hear him preach.

There is a teacher in our midst
Who is always on her toes,
She's Norwell High's commercial teacher
Better known as Mrs. Vose.

We have a coach named Dixon
Who's always on the beam.
Because of him this year
We have an A-1 team.

Kathleen Day



Big Date

Hair's in pincurls,
Nail polish chipped,
In old blue jeans,
My blouse is ripped.

It's seven now;
My date's at eight.
Just one hour
I can't be late!

Dress is wrinkled;
Coat--can't find.
'Fraid I'll be late,
Hope he won't mind.

Hurry, hurry, all I do-
From morning'till the night is through.
Hustle, bustle all day long,
Here he comes, good friends, so long!



Alice Cornwell

THE MIGHTY HUNTER

To the right of me was a grizzly bear,
To the left was a lion, but I didn't care.
I just kept on hunting. T'was then that I saw
A ferocious tiger with wide open jaw.

I paid no attention, but continued my search,
While a monkey sat chattering high on his perch.
Just then an elephant gave way with a bellow.
My companion was frightened-he's a meek sort of fellow.

I still kept on hunting without the least bit of fright,
When something hissed with all its might.
There lay some snakes. How many? A few.
For you see, I was hunting down at the zoo.

Jean Donovan



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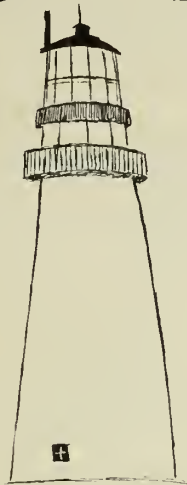
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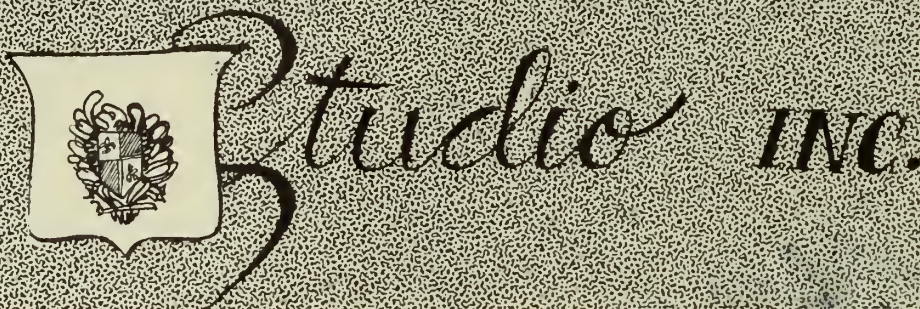
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